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and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

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## THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, upon an annual request for the same.

## THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

Is also issued as an eight page tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

## THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money but always in a REGISTERED letter. The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

# THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE



## AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 50.

DECEMBER, 1878.

No. 12.

### "CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

BY REV. FRANK B. ROSE, CHAPLAIN U. S. N.

No one that has visited Oahu (Sandwich Islands), but will remember the genial face and cordial manner of Rev. Dr. Damon, now, and for nearly forty years past, the beloved Chaplain of the Seamen's Bethel at Honolulu. FATHER Damon, as he is affectionately called, came here in 1842, under the auspices of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY; and if ever years have been pregnant with incidents of absorbing interest, surely those have been which comprise his labors in the Pacific. Midway in the path from China and Japan to Europe and America, the Hawaiian group has been visited by thousands of vessels, representing almost every existing nationality; and chaplain Damon has been brought into contact with men and incidents that have much more than passing importance.

It has been my privilege, within the past few months, to enjoy

fellowship with this able and loving minister, and to listen to a recital of facts that put romance to the blush.

A Japanese sailor, named John Mangero, in company with two of his countrymen, named Denzu and Goeman, was wrecked off the island of Nippon, about 1840. For six months they managed to sustain life on a barren island. They were rescued by Capt. Whitfield, (commanding a New Bedford ship), and carried to Honolulu. Here Mangero's two companions remained; but John was taken by Capt. Whitfield to the United States, where he was taught the trade of a cooper; and, evincing a laudable desire for an education, was placed in a school at Fairhaven, Mass., where he quickly attained proficiency in our language; and, among other studies, gave special attention to navigation. The expenses of his school-



ing, etc., were borne by the captain who had originally rescued him, and who felt a strange interest in his protégé.

In 1849, Mangero, then about twenty-five, sailed for California. His success at the mines was not great; and, very soon, he took passage for the Sandwich Islands, where he met my friend chaplain Damon.

His first act was to deposit with the chaplain all his money,—sixty dollars. After a few days of wandering about the town, he visited the chaplain again; who, observing a peculiar depression in his look and manner, inquired its cause. Mangero then told him that he was home-sick; that he had an inexpressible desire to see his native land. In vain did his good friend urge the dangers of such a venture. To the remark, "Why, John, your people will take your head off, if you go back;" he only replied, "I am anxious to go."

The chaplain asked him if he had matured any plans; when the young Japanese said, "I have. If I can get a good whale-boat, a sextant, Bowditch's Navigator, and a barrel of bread; and some captain will take me near to any of the islands of my country, and put me over the ship's side, with my boat, I will take the chances."

Chaplain Damon started out with a subscription paper, explaining to his friends the desire of this poor foreign boy to go with his two countrymen upon this strange expedition. In a little while he had secured \$150, which, with the \$60, was deemed sufficient. This money the chaplain invested in a good whale-boat, a copy of Bowditch's Navigator, a sextant, and a barrel of hard bread; and thus far the scheme of the anxious Mangero progressed.

Just at this time, there stopped at Honolulu the American barque *Sarah Boyd*, Captain Whitmore, master, bound from Mazatlan to Shanghae. His route would be naturally in the direction Mangero desired to take. chaplain Damon went aboard, told the captain that he had three passengers for him, explained the particulars of the case, and urged him to incommode himself with the party and their luggage; and the result was the warm hearted sailor consented; and on the 17th of December, 1850, John Mangero and his companions left Honolulu in the *Sarah Boyd*.

I have before me a copy of *The Friend*, of January, 1851, (a paper published here by the chaplain) in which reference is made to the departure of Mangero, and the belief expressed that there is a future for the young shipwrecked Japanese.

Nine years rolled by. These circumstances were not forgotten, but in vain were inquiries made of various ship masters and others that visited Honolulu, concerning John Mangero. Meantime Commodore Perry had with his fleet visited Japan, and made the famous treaty, by which the ports of that country were opened to the nations; and as a result Japan emerged from a condition of mediæval stagnation, to that of magnificent enterprise she now exhibits. Once again, upon the return of Perry's fleet, its officers were questioned as to any tidings from Mangero, but none had heard of him.

In May 1860, the Japanese corvette *Candinmarrah*, which had been commissioned to carry presents from the Government of Japan to the Government of the United States, on her way to San Francisco, touched at the port of Honolulu. Imagine the surprise

of Dr. Damon, when, in an imperial office, with the rank of Captain in the Japanese Navy, and acting interpreter of the government, wearing his two swords to designate his official status, he recognized his young friend of the whale-boat, John Mangero.

John (now Captain) Mangero related, that the passage toward Japan was uneventful until they reached the vicinity of the Great Loochoo Islands. At this point, in fulfillment of the agreement, the whale-boat was launched, and he and his companions parted company with the *Sarah Boyd* and her master. Land was in sight about five miles distant, and after ten hours of hard rowing, the shore was reached, and found to be inhabited. They were unable to understand the language spoken, the natives were suspicious of them, and endeavored in various ways to ascertain their nationality, until their Japanese origin was made out satisfactorily, by the manner, in which they used their chop-sticks in eating the rice furnished to them.

They were carried before the king of Loochoo, who detained them in his service for six months, treating them kindly. At the expiration of this time they were placed in a junk and taken to the Island of Kinsin. Here they were kept for forty-eight days, being carried before the Prince of the island, who made intelligent inquiries of them about America, Americans and the manner in which they had been treated while sojourning in the United States.

From this island they were conveyed to Nagasaki, all this time and subsequently being under surveillance, on account of having been out of the country.

Thirty months were spent here ;

not in prison, but deprived of the liberty of free locomotion. But at length permission was accorded to Mangero to visit his home for three days and three nights. Upon his return, he was removed to Yeddo, and there was invested with the dignity of an official with two swords. His whale-boat had been carried to Yeddo, and his first commission was to build for his government a number of these boats. For this purpose he was furnished with all the workmen required, and laboriously taking the whale-boat apart, rivet by rivet, and plank by plank, these skillful Oriental imitators made duplicates of them, and successfully simulated the American model. The old whale-boat is now in the Japanese work-shop in Yeddo.

This work completed, Mangero was next ordered to make a translation in Japanese of Bowditch's Navigator, Logarithms, etc. Again he was furnished with assistants, copyists, etc., and was some years employed in this tedious but important work. Altogether twenty copies were prepared ; the original of which by Mangero is in the possession of the Japanese government.

Such, in substance, was the story volunteered by Captain Mangero, and received with unspeakable interest by chaplain Damon. At length the latter said: "Captain pray tell me where you were, and what you were doing when Commodore Perry was in Japan?" He replied, "I was in a room adjoining that in which the interview took place between Perry and the Imperial Commissioners ; I was not allowed to see or to communicate with any of the Americans ; but each document sent by Commodore Perry was passed to me to



be translated into the Japanese before it was sent to the imperial authorities; and the replies thereto were likewise submitted to me to be translated into English before they were sent to Commodore Perry."

Thus we have the surprising information, that this lad, shipwrecked and rescued by Captain Whitfield, in his youth, succored and befriended, and at length launched forth upon the deep through the assistance of chaplain Damon, was the needed and efficient interpreter; not of a dream of Pharaoh, but of matters of far vaster import; matters that have affected and must continue to affect millions of our race; justifying, as I think, the caption, I have given this article, "Cast thy bread upon the waters."

In gratitude to Dr. Damon, Captain Mangero insisted upon presenting him two articles which he said he most valued of all of his possessions, namely, one of his swords of office (a blade over four hundred years old), and the only copy in Japanese of "Bowditch's Navigator," which he had retained for himself. These articles I have personally inspected, and I pronounce the copy of "Bowditch" to be one of the most beautiful specimens of hand printing I have ever seen. It was on exhibition at our Centennial, and was admired by thousands, few of whom guessed its notable history.

With a word farther, I leave the subject of this sketch. In the year 1870 one of three Commissioners appointed by Japan to observe the conduct of the war between Germany and France, was Captain John Mangero, R. N. On his homeward journey he stopped at Fairhaven to visit and thank his early friend, Captain Whitfield,

for his kindness to him. The last news of him was brought in 1876 by the corvette "Tskuban Kaw," Captain T. Y. Ito, who reports him as still living in Japan. Who can prove that truth is not stranger than fiction?

HONOLULU, S. I., *March 5th, 1878.*

It seems fitting that the following official Consular Certificate should accompany the above sketch. It was issued by His Excellency, E. H. ALLEN, the Hawaiian Minister at Washington, who was in 1850, U. S. Consul at Honolulu:—

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES, {  
Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. }

To all to whom these presents shall, doth or may come; I, Elisha H. Allen, Consul of the United States of America, for Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, send greeting:

Know ye, that satisfactory evidence has been produced to me, that John Mung, Denzo and Goeman, left the southeast part of the island of Nippon, Japan, in a fishing vessel and were wrecked; and after remaining on uninhabited islands for about six months, they were taken off by Captain Whitfield of the American whaleship *John Howland*, and brought to the Sandwich Islands. Denzo and Goeman remained here; Mung went cruising for whales, and in the year eighteen hundred and forty-four, reached the United States of America. Mung remained there two years, spending his time in farming, learning the cooper's trade, and attending school. He went another voyage sperm whaling, and returned to the United States in the year eighteen hundred and forty-nine. Last October he arrived here again,

after having visited California, the gold region of the United States of America.

Captain Whitmore has kindly offered to take them in the bark *Sarah Boyd*, a vessel belonging to the United States of America, and leave them near the Loo Choo Islands. Some friends here aid them in making their preparations for their voyage, and I trust they will be kindly treated by all persons whom they may meet.

I am informed by the chaplain of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, that John Mung has sustained a good character, and has improved in knowledge. He will tell his countrymen of Japan how happy the Americans would be to make their acquaintance, and visit them with their ships, and give them gold and silver for their goods.

Given under my hand and the seal of this Consulate at Honolulu, this thirteenth day of December, in the year of Our Lord, Eighteen Hundred and Fifty.

ELISHA H. ALLEN,

*U. S. Consul.*

The foregoing sketch will indicate that John Mung informed his countrymen respecting Americans, and was placed in circumstances, to act no unimportant part in opening negotiations between the Empire of Japan and the Government of the United States. Consul Allen was correct in thus forecasting:—"He will tell his countrymen of Japan, how happy the Americans would be to make their acquaintance, and visit them with their ships, and give them gold and silver for their goods."

### New South Pacific Expedition.

The English Arctic exploring ship *Alert* is being fitted out for a new surveying trip, which *Nature* says will be carried out principally in the South Pacific. Her first work will be an examination of the inner water leading from the Straits of Magellan to the Gulf of Penas, along the seaboard of Chili; from this she will stretch across the South Pacific Ocean from Fiji, adding, en route, as far as practicable, to the present knowledge of the hydrography of the Low Archipelago,—Society and Friendly Islands. After a few months spent in the neighborhood of Fiji and in an examination of dangers lying in the track of navigation between that group and the colony of New Zealand, she will, for the latter part of her voyage, be employed off the northwestern coast of Australia, principally in ascertaining the positions of, and as far as necessary, charting the various surfs and islets lying off the Australian continent, and between it and the ports of the Netherlands India, at many of which reefs, etc., traffic has been for some time increasing on the search for trepanny, pearls and guano.

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### Modern Ocean Deposits.

In his recent address before the Geographical Section of the British Science Association, Sir Wyville Thompson, who headed the scientific party on the *Challenger* trip, pointed out some curious features of the deposit now forming at great depth in the ocean. Over the whole area of the Pacific, for instance, and especially in its deep waters, the dredge brings up a fine red clay. If a magnet be drawn through a quantity of this fine



clay well diffused in water, it will be found to have caught on its surface some minute magnetic spherules, some apparently of metallic iron in a passive state, and some of metallic nickel. From the appearance of these particles, and from the circumstance that such magnetic dust has been already detected in the sediment of snow-water, some are of opinion that they are of cosmic origin—in fact, excessively minute meteorites.—Summing up what is known of the bed of the ocean, Mr. Thompson says: “So far as we can judge, after a most careful comparative examination, the deposit which is at present being formed at extreme depths in the ocean, does not correspond either in structure or in chemical composition with any known geological formation; and, moreover, we are inclined to believe, from a consideration of their structure and of their imbedded organic remains, that none of the older formations were laid down at nearly so great depths,—that, in fact, none of these have anything of an abyssal character. These late researches tend to solve that during past geological changes abyssal beds have never been exposed, and it seems highly probable that until comparatively recent geological periods, such beds have not been formed. It appears now to be a generally received opinion among geologists—an opinion which was first brought into prominence by Professor Dana—that the ‘massive’ eruptions which originated the mountain chains which form the skeleton of our present continents, and the depressions occupied by our present seas, date from the secular cooling and contraction of the crust of the earth, from a period much more remote than the deposition of the earliest of the fos-

siliferous rocks; and that during the period chronicled by the successive sedimentary systems, with many minor oscillations by which limited areas have been alternately elevated and depressed, the broad result has been the growth by successive steps of the original mountain chains and the extension of the continents by their denudation and the corresponding deepening of the original grooves. If this view be correct,—and it certainly appears to me that the reasoning in its favor is very cogent,—it is quite possible that until comparatively recent times no part of the ocean was sufficiently deep for the formation of a characteristic abyssal deposit.”

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### Greenport, Long Island.

Greenport is a nice town, old enough to have a flavor of antiquity about it, and boasts of a former “golden age;”—new enough to profit by “modern improvements.” It is right on the bay, and, barring the absence of mountains, no finer prospect of quiet beauty, mingling water and woodland, village and farm, is any where to be found, unless it be at Sag Harbor, on the opposite side of the bay. Forty years ago that settlement was called Sterling; and in Sterling Basin, an inlet of the bay eastward of the town, used to lie the fleet of whalers whose cargoes made the business of the town, and caused its rapid growth. The first whale-ship was bought and fitted out in 1830. She fared so well that the fleet soon increased to twenty. They went to St. Helena and the Westward I lands, went to the Arctic Ocean, and round the Horn into Pacific cruising grounds. But the trade dwindled, and the pursuit of the monstrous whale, yielding his bar-



rels of oil, gave way to the seining of moss-bunkers, from which could be squeezed half as many thimblefuls. Long before this, when no village was there at all, great ships used to anchor in Sterling Basin to load up for the West India trade. The farmers would bring produce and cattle, taking as pay part money, and part sugar and coffee, molasses and rum. Returning, the ships would bring tropical goods to New York, sell them, and then sail out to Sterling for a fresh load of Long Island produce. The main owner and merchant in this trade was Captain Orange Webb, who had many illustrious descendants, among them Ledyard, the Oriental traveler. He was celebrated as a man of the world, and in 1763 was visited by the Rev. George Whitefield, still more celebrated as a man of God. The great evangelist wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass in his host's living-room, "One thing is needful," and left it as a suggestive reminder of his visit. This is the story, and the glass was said to have been in existence in 1856.

Competition and the growth of the whaling interest killed this trade and built up Greenport. These latter were the zenith days of its prosperity. Now perhaps 2,500 persons live here. The streets are straight, and cross one another at right angles, with a line of splendid shade trees on either side, and the roadway is bordered by a continuous lawn. There are probably no paupers here, while few citizens are exalted above their neighbors in wealth or station. Nobody is famous and nobody infamous. The place is full of elderly men, but young men are scarce; they have gone to the city to seek a busier life and a quicker fortune. Not so with the young women. Delicious

girl faces, ruddy with sunlight, bright with ocean breezes, meet one at every turn. It is no wonder that the yacht clubs invariably include a week's stop at Greenport in the programme of the midsummer cruise, and have many a tender incident to record if they keep honest logs.—*Harper's Magazine.*

### A Sad Wreck—A Noble Captain.

The good ship *Loch Ard*, from London to Melbourne, foundered off the Australian coast June 1st, 1878, and out of seventeen passengers and a large crew only two persons got ashore: Miss Eveline Carmichael and Midshipman Thomas Pearce. As the morning cleared somewhat, the cliffs were seen close to the ship, and the captain gave orders to have the boats lowered and the passengers placed in them. By this time the seas were breaking clean over the ship, and she was bumping very heavily. Pearce, with five others, were clearing away the port lifeboat, and the grips having been cut and the chocks knocked out, they were just about hooking the tackles on when a heavy sea struck her, and knocked the boat over the side, and all with her. Pearce got ashore by the help partly of the boat, and partly of a table. Shortly after the ship struck, the cabin filled with water, but most if not all, of the passengers were up and dressed. Six life belts were obtained from the lazarette, but the tags were in such bad condition that it took some time to fasten them on. Four ladies and two men wore them. Miss Eveline and Miss Raby Carmichael ran up the companion ladder, and at the deck the captain said, "If you are saved, let my wife know I died like a British sailor,—at my post."

He was only married six weeks before he left London. A sea swept the ladies overboard. Miss Eveline found that she had hold of a hencoop; she was joined by Reginald Jones and Arthur Mitchell. They heard the screams of the persons still on board; the ship was sinking fast. The three floated into the entrance of the gorge, and then the two men abandoned the hencoop for a spar, but they were caught by the undertow and carried out to sea. Miss Carmichael, who must now have been a long time in the water, caught sight of Pearce, on shore, and screamed out to him. He bravely swam out, found that she had become insensible, and got her safely to land. He then climbed to the top of the cliffs in search of assistance. He struck a path, and followed it for several hours until he fell in with a man employed on Glenample Station. The two men returned to the shore, got down the cliffs with the help of a rope, and then found to their horror, that the lady had strayed away. They did not discover her till long after dark. Even then she was only found by accident, for she lay in a comatose state under some bushes. The midshipman and this young lady were the only survivors.

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### Poor Jack.

A recent correspondent of the Buffalo (N. Y.) *Courier* paints the following picture of the hardships of a sailor's lot: "Let the reader accompany me for a moment to the quarters of poor Jack, the much neglected, rough-fisted, patient, ill-fed, and poorly paid toiler of the sea. His lot in life is indeed no play. With wages far below those of the ordinary workingman,

exposed continually to the dangers of the deep and the risks of disease in tropical climates, but few attain to old age, but are swept away long before their natural term has expired, to mingle their dust with the slimy bed or sandy beaches of the ocean, if not in the soil of some far-off pauper's graveyard known as the foreigner's burial-ground. By the philanthropic efforts of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, organized many years ago, the sailors' lot has become to a certain extent ameliorated, and they have at least a chance to escape the wholesale robberies to which they were exposed while enjoying a brief holiday ashore after the hardships of a long cruise. They live now, if they choose, while ashore and looking for employment, in comfortable quarters, where their chief temptations in the form of spirituous drinks are forbidden, and where free libraries and organized evening meetings, &c., supply them with such spiritual food as is best fitted to their nature. But the time the sailor spends ashore is brief, compared to that he passes at sea, and all efforts to help him on land of course leave his condition unaltered while afloat. In longer voyages he often suffers from insufficiency or bad quality of food, overworked through the rapacity of shipowners who gain by a reduction of the number of men needed to work the ship, and he is also often subjected to brutal treatment, against which, while in foreign ports, he has often no means of redress. There will be no effective reformation of these evils until strictly enforced laws, obligatory alike on owners and captains, afford relief to the oppressed seaman, wherever his lot may be cast. The quarters and provisions intended to last the voyage should



be strictly inspected before departure of the vessel, and shipmasters should be held responsible for at least such treatment of their crews as the present age demands to be given to the brute animals."

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### The Hunter's Story.

My guide was an old trapper who had spent years in the forests, sometimes six months at a time, without seeing a human face. I was sitting down, leaning against a tree, just at sunset, when an old hunter came and sat down near me.

"In the course of your being in the woods so long," said I, "you must have met with some strange things. What one do you now think of, as among the strangest?"

"Why, I hardly know. I have had many narrow escapes and have, as you say, seen some strange things. I can now recall one, when I was hunting beaver, just as the ice began to break up, and on one of the furthest, wildest lakes I ever visited. I calculated there could be no human being nearer than one hundred miles. I was pushing my canoe along the loose ice, one cold day, when just round a point that projected into the lake, I heard something walking through the ice. It made so much noise and stepped so regularly, that I felt sure it must be a moose. I got my rifle ready and held it cocked in one hand, while I pushed the canoe with the other. Slowly and carefully I rounded the point, when, what was my astonishment to see, not a moose but a *man*, wading in the water,—the ice water! He had nothing on his head or feet, and his clothes were torn almost off from his limbs. He was walking, gesticulating with his hands, and talking to himself.

He seemed to be wasted to a skeleton. With great difficulty I got him in my canoe; when I landed I made up a fire, and got him some hot tea and food. He had a bone of some animal in his bosom, which he gnawed almost to nothing. He was nearly frozen, and quieted down and soon fell asleep.—I nursed him like an infant. With great difficulty, and in a round-about way, I found out the name of the town from which he came. Slowly and carefully I got along, around falls and over portages, keeping a resolute watch on him, lest he should escape from me into the forest. At length, after nearly a week's travel, I reached the village where I supposed he lived. I found the whole community under deep excitement, and more than a hundred men were scattered in the woods and on the mountains, seeking for my crazy companion, for they had learned that he had wandered into the woods. It had been agreed upon, that, if he was found, the bells were to be rung and guns fired. And, as soon as I landed, a shout was raised, his friends rushed to him, the bells broke out in loud notes, and guns were fired, and the report echoed again and again in the forest and on the mountains, till every seeker knew that the lost one was found.

"How many times I had to tell the story over! I never saw people so crazy with joy, for the man was of the first and best families, and they hoped his insanity would be but temporary, as I afterwards learned it was. How they feasted me, and when I came away, loaded my canoe with provisions and clothing, and everything for my comfort! It was a time and place of wonderful joy. They seemed to forget everybody else, and think only of the poor man whom I had brought back."

The old hunter ceased, and I said, "Doesn't this make you think of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, where the man lost one sheep, left all the rest in the wilderness, and went after it, and when he found it, he called his neighbors and friends together to rejoice with him? 'Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.'"—*S. S. Companion.*

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### Faith.

Faith is a very slender thing,  
Though little understood;  
It frees the soul from death's dread sting,  
By resting in *the Blood*.

It looks not on the things around,  
Nor on the things within;  
It takes its flight to scenes above,  
Beyond the spheres of sin.

It sees upon the throne of God  
A Victim that was slain;  
It rests its all on His shed blood,  
And says, "I'm born again."

Faith is not what we feel or see;  
It is a simple *trust*  
In what the God of love has said  
Of Jesus as "the Just."

The Perfect One that died for me,  
Upon His Father's throne  
Presents our names before our God,  
And pleads Himself alone.

What Jesus is, and that alone,  
Is Faith's delightful plea;  
It never deals with sinful self,  
Nor *righteous* self, in me.

It tells me I am counted "dead"  
By God, in His own Word;  
It tells me I am "born again"  
In Christ, my risen Lord.

In that he died, He died to sin;  
In that he lives—to God;  
Then I am dead to Nature's hopes,  
And justified through blood.

If *He* is free, then *I* am free  
From all unrighteousness;  
If *He* is just, then *I* am just;  
He is my righteousness.

What want I more to perfect bliss?  
A body like His own  
Will perfect me for greater joys  
Than angels round the throne.

### Our Leader.

This dear Master is our Leader on the road. That rare quality belongs to our Guide, that he can be present with every party of pilgrims at the same time. If we imagine that He has gone on and left us, or has forgotten us, the assuring voice is heard, "Lo! I am with you always." See how kindly He lifts that infirm old pilgrim over the chasms, and how gently he picks up that feeble child and carries it in His arms! When that careless brother stumbled and fell, how quickly He set him on his feet, and said, "Walk circum-spectly, not as the fool, but as the wise." We have even seen Him carrying along the poor brother who was horribly wounded by a bad fall, until he was strong enough to walk again. As the wounded man was carried by us, we heard him humming over to himself these words:—"He restoreth my soul; He knoweth my frame, and remembers that I am his dust.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

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### Doing Little Things.

This remark of the Rev. John Newton deserves to be written on the tablet of every heart. "I see in this world," he observes, "two heaps—one of human happiness and one of misery. Now, if I take but the smallest bit from the second heap and add to the first, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a halfpenny, and if by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do great things, but I will not neglect such little ones as this." These little things are what we all can do, and should.



## NO GIVING-UP IN PRAYER.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Our Savior made but one tour into the picturesque region about Tyre and Sidon, and there is only one incident of that tour which is recorded. But that single occurrence was enough to reward Him for His journey; the narrative of it is one of the sweetest and most suggestive morsels of Bible-history.

The woman in those coasts of Canaan who come to Jesus in behalf of her suffering daughter understood the practice of prayer, whether she had ever thought much of its theory or not. She was submissive and yet she was importunate. She was very lowly in heart and perfectly willing to accept the "crumbs" from the table of love; but she would not give up what she came for. That daughter was on *her* heart as a tremendous burden, and she determined to so lay it on the heart of Jesus that He would bestow the gift of healing. The Master tested her perseverance sharply. He kept her at arm's length to try the strength of her faith. She carried her point, and won a blessing that has taught millions of others *never to give up* asking for what we have a right to ask. "Go thy way" said Jesus to this persistent pleader; "great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." So our Lord granted to a great faith what He might have denied to a feeble faith.

Here is a lesson for His followers now, at this season of the year when special prayers are multiplied. The lesson is that in spite of seeming discouragements we are never to grow faint in praying. An honest persevering faith,—a faith that works for the very ob-

ject that it is praying for,—a faith that holds on in spite of rebuffs, is the faith that conquers. For genuine faith creates such a condition of things that it becomes wise for God to grant what might otherwise be denied.

There are many things ordered for us by our Heavenly Father to which we ought to submit. We ought to submit without a murmur to His chastisements, and bereavements. But there are certain other things placed in our way that we ought to wrestle with. If a temptation assails us, we are never to submit to it. If a pile of difficulties blocks up our path of duty, it is no time to talk about submission; then is the time for a stout faith to "remove the mountain" or else to scale it with a leap.

To a state of things which ought to be bettered, and which can be bettered, no Christian has a moral right to sit down before in silent submission. A parent whose children are yet unconverted has no business to be submissive to such an affliction. Neither has a pastor or a church any right to become reconciled to the terrible fact that the Gospel has become powerless, and no souls are turned from death unto life. That Canaanitish mother would have sinned if she had gone home submissive under discouragement when Jesus *seemed* to be denying her reasonable request. And we sin grievously, my brethren, when we fold our hands and close our lips in the face of spiritual evils that it is in the power of God to remove.

God is a supreme and glorious Sovereign up on His great white throne. We are responsible free-agents down here on His footstool.

As a sovereign He has commanded us to pray,—to continue in prayer, to pray without ceasing. He reserves to Himself the right to grant or to refuse the specific thing we pray for. It is our right to pray, and it is God's right to bestow just such answers as His all-wise love may deem to be for the best. We would define faith to be that child-like temper of the soul which submits implicitly to everything which God *orders*, but never submits to *what God can better*. If we give up to discouragements when we ought to battle against them,—or if we submit to the absence of spiritual blessings without an earnest endeavor, and a wrestling for them, then are we wretched clods who deserve to suffer the worst that can befall us.

The Bible fairly blazes with the record of triumphs won by prayer. It was while that prayer-band in the "upper-room" at Jerusalem were pleading with the Mediator that the baptism of heavenly fire descended. Peter's friends could not consent to give him up to a bloody death without one more effort at the mercy-seat. They made it; and he walked right into their prayer-meeting a living witness to the glorious truth that God honors persevering faith. Into all our prayer-meetings this Winter, He will enter, bearing just as convincing testimony, if we only remember that our God loves to be pleaded with, and loves to answer true prayer. A loving Father sits at the upper end of the telephone; if we do our duty at this end, the response will soon come back—"Be it unto you even as you wish."

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WHAT WE WANT in Christ, we always find in Him. When we want nothing, we find nothing. When we want little, we find little. When we want much, we find much.

## Trusting in Jesus.

I know not if the dark or bright shall be my lot,  
If that wherein my hope delight, be best or not.  
It may be mine to drag for years toil's heavy chain,  
Or day and night my meat be tears on bed of pain.  
Dear faces may surround my hearth with smiles and glee,  
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth be strange to me.  
My barque is wafted to the strand by breath divine,  
And on the helm there rests another hand than mine.  
ONE who has known in storms to sail, I have on board.  
Above the raging of the gale, I hear my Lord.  
HE holds me when the billows smite. I shall not fall.  
If sharp 'tis short, if long 'tis light, He tempers all.  
Safe to the land, safe to the land! the end is this,  
With JESUS then, go hand in hand far into bliss.

Dean of Canterbury.

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## "Good For Them—Bad For Us."

On that Sabbath morning on which the battle of Lake Champlain was fought, when Commodore Downie, of the British squadron, was sailing down on the Americans as they lay in the bay of Plattsburgh, he sent a man to the mast-head to see what they were doing on Commodore McDonough's ship, the flag-ship of the little American squadron.

"Ho! aloft," said Downie, "what are they doing on that ship?"

"Sir," answered the lookout, "they are gathered about the mainmast and they seem to be at prayer."

"Ah," said Commodore Downie, "that looks well for them but bad for us."

It was bad for the British Commodore, for the very first shot from the American ship was a



chain shot which cut poor Downie in two and killed him in a moment. McDonough was a simple, humble Christian and a man of prayer, but brave as a lion in the hour of battle.

### A Wonderful Prayer.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"Into thy hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth," *PSA.* 31: 5.

These words were in part repeated by our Lord in his expiring agony, and by Stephen in the supreme moment of his martyrdom.

"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," is the prayer of Christ; "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," was the prayer of the proto-martyr.

The prayer in one or another of its forms is associated with some of the most solemn and impressive events of Christian biography and history. It has been the dying ejaculation of the most noble saints and martyrs of the church. It was uttered among the last words of Polycarp, of Basil, of Bernard, of Huss, of Luther and Melancthon. It was the dying petition of Columbus and Silvio Pellico.

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," prayed Knox.

"In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum," prayed Ridley.

"Entre tes mains, Seigneur, je recommande mon ame," prayed the Princess of Conti.

"O Lord, what does man come to?" said John of Barneveld, on his way to execution. "O God, my heavenly Father, receive my spirit," he prayed at the block.

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," prayed Bishop Hooper.

Cranmer, putting his right hand that had signed the recantation into the flame, and saying, "this unworthy right hand," uttered the same prayer, as did Latimer, Patrick Hamilton, and Rowland Taylor, in the flames.

"O Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit, for thou hast redeemed my soul, O Lord God of truth," prayed the young Scottish martyr, Hugh McKail.

Margaret Wilson, bound to the stake at the low-water mark in the Bay of Weyton, saw the advancing tide. It rose slowly, until it reached her throat, when she prayed, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

Lord Harant, a Protestant martyr of Bohemia, prayed, kneeling by the block, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit: in thee have I always trusted: receive me, my blessed Redeemer."

Lord Otto, another Bohemian martyr, prayed, "Almighty God, to thee I commend my spirit; receive it for the sake of Christ, and admit it to the glory of thy presence.

"Miserere mei, Deus," said Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, holding up his hands, and looking up to heaven. He then said, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," and made the sign to the executioner.

"Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit," prayed Lady Jane Gray at the block.

Perhaps no prayer of the Bible has such dark and tragic, and at the same time triumphant associations, as this. It has been the last testimony of the most confident faith, the last cry upon penitent lips, the last petition of beggars and kings, and, in all lands and Christian times, the martyr's exclamation of victory.

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## The Sea Shore Grave.

BY REV. CHARLES WHEELER DENISON.

### I.

Oh! mourn me not, when I am dead and gone!  
Lay me down gently by the great wide sea:  
There let me sleep, until the Judgment Morn  
Shall wake me to a robe of immortality.

### II.

Why should you sorrow at my sea-side rest?  
Why wish me back to this cold world again?  
Why long to see my ransomed spirit drest  
In a clay tenement of sin and pain?

### III.

Go, search the universe; go, broadly range  
To sun, and moon, and star, in every zone;  
What can you give my being, in exchange  
For its eternal diadem and throne?

### IV.

Then make upon the ocean-shore my grave,  
Close where the billows roll and wind-clouds  
pass;  
There let me rise, from Earth's dissolving wave,  
To walk with Christ the Heavenly Sea of  
Glass.

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## A Great Man's Estimate of the Value of Prayer.

BY FAITH HARPER.

I not long ago heard a venerable clergyman relate an interesting interview held with Secretary Stanton during the late war, which showed that at least one eminent statesman needed not the evidence of any scientific test to convince him of the power of prayer. I will give the incident as nearly as I can recollect in the language of the narrator, believing that it will interest other readers of the *Advocate* as much as it did myself.

"I had received news," said he, "that my son was lying wounded in the hospital at Fortress Monroe, and that unless removed within two or three days he could not re-

cover, for gangrene was in the hospital and had entered his wound. I immediately set out for Washington, and upon inquiry, found that in the regular routine of business it would be four days before I could receive the papers necessary to enable me to reach him. What should I do? Making the matter a subject of prayer I was led to apply to Secretary Stanton in person. Writing upon a slip of paper these words: "I am a plain Methodist preacher; my son is in the hospital at Fortress Monroe, and I am informed that unless removed speedily he will certainly die. The officials here tell me that it will be four days before they can reach my case. Can you help me?" I gave the note to the messenger who said I would probably hear from it in about two days. He, however, soon returned and ushered me into the audience chamber which was filled with waiting applicants. There were in the room two major and six brigadier generals, and when the Secretary entered all crowded around him. Quietly waving them aside, he said; 'If the Rev. Mr. E. is present, will he please come forward?' As I advanced he motioned me to a seat, and having kindly inquired into my case he gave my a pass, and requested one of the generals to render me all necessary assistance. As I turned to leave, I said to him, I have nothing to give you in return for your kindness but the prayers of a poor Methodist minister. He took my hand,—and it seems to me that I can even now feel the tear drop which fell upon it as he said—"Above everything else, in this hour of our country's peril, I prize the prayers of God's people."—*Advocate and Guardian*.



## The Sailor's Text.

### SHORE GREETINGS.

*"Ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels."*—Heb. xii. 22.

Oh, happy landing! Happy is the Earthly Voyager, who, after a long and painful separation from beloved relatives, hails them on the shore, and in a few moments more is locked in their embrace! Happier still the Spiritual Voyager, who, after the longer and sadder separation entailed by death, descends the towers of the new Jerusalem in sight—lights gleaming in the harbor—the Sabbath-bells of glory ringing—loved and lost ones lining the Heavenly shore, waiting to conduct him hand in hand up the streets of the Celestial City. The long midnight of earth's tempestuous sea is over,—trial shall no longer be either felt or feared. In a sinless, stormless, sorrowless, tearless world, they shall *"ever be with the Lord!"*

"Only waiting till the angels  
Open wide the mystic gate;  
At whose feet I long have linger'd,  
Weary, poor, and desolate!"

"Even now I hear the footsteps,  
And their voices far away:  
If they call me, I am waiting,  
Only waiting to obey."

### FRESH LETTERS FROM SEAMEN.

One of our missionaries at the SAILORS HOME has furnished us with the following extracts from sailors' letters lately addressed to him. The first is from Liverpool.

"I will hasten to answer your last letter. It gave me much joy to hear that you are all well and happy, and that dear pastor Rowell from San Francisco has been with you. May God bless you all, and bless your work for the Master!"

"The work in Liverpool is going on, thank the Lord! I have found some faithful laborers, among seamen, here. For the most part of my time I have attended the Seamen's Bethel and the Strangers' Rest. They do all they can to win souls for Jesus. As for me I am still striving to serve the Master, sometimes very near to Jesus, sometimes very

low in spirit, but with all He is still my support and strength. He leadeth me through dangers seen and unseen until He will lead me into the heavenly harbor. My best wishes to the Church of the Sea and Land, and to all the dear brethren and sisters in the Lord. I long to be with you once more. I beg you to pardon me, dear brother Borella, for not writing before, I waited to find out where we were going. I have left the *George Moore* and shipped on board the American bark *Xenia* of Boston, bound for Bombay, India, hoping to get a freight from there to the United States. Please to write me a letter to Bombay care of U. S. Consul.

"Herewith I send you a draft for £10. When you receive the money give \$10 to the Church of Sea and Land, and \$10 to the Marine Bible Society, and bank the

remainder for me in the Seamen's Savings Bank. Pray too that the Lord may keep me faithful. I will always remember you. God bless you. Again my best wishes to all the dear ones in New York.

From your brother in Christ,

M. A.,

*First Mate of U. S. bark Xenia.*"

The second is dated at Hong Kong, 28th July:—

"I cannot tell you how sad I felt the morning of the 13th November, (1877), when I left New York in the bark *L. Moore* bound for Sydney. But the good Lord turned my sorrow into joy by bringing me on board a Christian vessel. Our Captain is a good man and all on board is happiness and peace. Our passage from New York to Sydney was 119 days. I have never enjoyed any voyage at sea so much as this last voyage, because all was so quiet and peaceful. On our arrival in Sydney we had a visit from the pastor of the Mariners' Church who came on board and spoke kindly to us and invited us to come to church. Six of us went with him, and we had a good time during our stay there. Besides the preaching in the churches there was a good deal of street preaching in which I also had an opportunity to tell to sinners what a dear Savior I had found, telling them how the Lord met me in your little room in the Sailors' Home in New York. After this we all sung 'Rescue the perishing, care for the dying.' One of the men who left in the vessel with me has found the Lord, and he kindly asks you to remember him in your prayers, I also ask you to pray for me,—ever thanking you for your kindness to me in pointing me to the dear Savior. I wish that all seamen would give their hearts to Jesus. From Sydney we went to Hong Kong, I don't know where we will go from here, I hope it will be back to the United States.

"Be kind enough to send my best re-

spects to our dear pastor of the Church of Sea and Land and to all the members. Again pray for me.

Your brother in Christ,

J. W. K."

The steward of the bark *Lavinia* writes from Dunkirk, France, September 12th, 1878:—"Thank God! I have enjoyed good health since I saw you. And I hope, my dear brothers and sisters, that you have. My kindest regards to our beloved pastor and to the elders of the church whom I long to see. I read through my little Testament, and a good part of my Bible, besides the valuable works out of the library belonging to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,—it is a well stocked one,—which is on board. Thank kind Providence, I am on board a good ship. There is no profane language used, although none of them are anyways Christians. Hoping that I shall, with the blessings of God, soon see you and all my friends, and begging you to remember me in your prayers, I am,

Yours truly,

F. C."

From Liverpool the Mate of the American bark *Xenia*, whose is the first letter already given, writes again, September 16th, 1878:—"Pray for me, dear brother, that I may be kept faithful. I have had some blessed seasons in the South Bethel in Liverpool, likewise in the Strangers' Rest. The Lord is blessing their work. Nearly every meeting night, some precious soul is brought into the fold of the Lord.

"The dear brothers and sisters in Liverpool salute you and wish you success in your work. As for me, my dear brother, I am still the same, battling for the Lord,—at times high on the mountain top, and again very low. My desire is to lay low at the foot of the cross, but oh, the enemy with all his might is trying to make that cross a burden to me. How often have I to go



to the Lord with my evil heart and cast myself at his feet and say,—‘Oh Lord, help me for I am a frail creature.’ I have not conquered my temper, giving up to which is my besetting sin. Oh pray for me that the Lord may cleanse me of it, and forgive me, my dear brethren, if I have offended any of you in my letters. I send my best love to the Church of Sea and Land, dear pastor Hopper and all the dear brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus.”

### “No Tow on Sunday.”

“Puget Sound,” writes “S. G.” to the Boston *Congregationalist*, “sendeth greeting to Cape Cod! On Sabbath morning, August 4th, 1878, the good ship *Ericsson* sailed into the Straits of Fuca, and was speedily met by a steam-tug, whose captain hailed the officer of the *Ericsson* with the usual salutation: ‘Have a tow, captain?’ Aye, aye, sir,” was the reply; “I’ll have a tow *to-morrow*, captain. *Take no tow on Sunday.*”

“The tug-boat steamed away to one of our milling ports, and upon landing and entering his house, the captain said to the family: ‘There is a big ship in the straits, but she’ll take no tow on Sunday.’ A good Christian lady, formerly of Massachusetts, visiting the family of this captain of the tow-boat, thought she would go out on Monday morning and go aboard this ship, glad to greet and welcome to these waters a sea captain of such principles. She went on board and was introduced to the Christian sailor, Capt. Thatcher of Cape Cod.

“The response such as he gave to the tug-boat is seldom, and I doubt if ever before, heard on Puget Sound, and to how many Christian hearts it will carry encouragement, Capt. Thatcher little knows.”

### The Tyson Polar Expedition.

A recent dispatch from St. John, N. B., from Capt. Tyson, of the Polar Expedition, preliminary to that projected by Captain Howgate, of the United States Army, stated that he, having started from New London, Conn., August 2nd, 1877, arrived in Cumberland Gulf after a voyage of 41 days. All the Esquimaux had been engaged, and he secured only one boat’s crew. He sailed thence to Annalook harbor, where he passed last Winter and Spring, collecting quite a number of skins to be made into clothing for the Howgate expedition. On breaking up Winter quarters, he went to Greenland, and arrived at Disco the last day of July. Here he waited until the 22nd of August, for the government expedition, which, of course, did not reach there, not having been sent as expected. They accordingly left, and arriving at Cumberland Gulf again, discharged the Esquimaux, and September 2nd started on their return to the United States. Capt. Tyson concludes as follows:—“With the results of the voyage there is every reason to be satisfied, though the accomplishment of its immediate purpose led to no practical end. The scientific gentlemen, Kumlin and Sherman, are much pleased with their discoveries. Of the more interesting results may be mentioned the finding of meteoric iron in the trap rock; the addition of five species of birds to the fauna of the Atlantic seaboard, and the procuring of a whale’s skeleton. We have escaped sickness of any kind during the entire voyage, and procured one fine head of whale bone weighing about 1800 pounds. More than this in the whaling line it was impossible for us to do and attend to other duties, even had the season been a usually good one in this respect, the fact being that it has been an almost entire failure at Cumberland.”

## An Inland Arctic Expedition.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) *Journal* of October 7th, says:—"A party of explorers consisting of ten persons, will leave the city to-day for British America and the Arctic regions, the object being to solve the great problem,—how to reach the North Pole. The explorers are very hopeful that in the extreme northern regions they may be able to find some traces of the long-lost explorer and navigator, Sir John Franklin, and his followers. The party will proceed to the Red River of the North and descend said river as far as Pembina. From the latter place a small steamer will carry the exploring party as far north as navigation will permit. They will then proceed as best they can to Fort York, on the west side of Hudson Bay, in about 58° north latitude. At this point they will put their boats together, carried in sections, *à la* Stanley, and launch them and push as far north as 80° before going into winter quarters. We understand that Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, has received instructions from the home government in Great Britain to aid and assist the expedition in every possible way. A band of fifty trained and tried Esquimaux trappers and fishermen are engaged to accompany the explorers. The Esquimaux are thoroughly equipped for the voyage and provided with trained dogs, sledges, reindeer, &c., and can travel at a rapid pace.

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## Rev. Flavel S. Mines.

This minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who died at St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 14th., was one of the earliest missionaries of our Society, having commenced our mission at Havre, France, in 1832. Then, released from our service, he became the minister of the Protestant Congregation in Paris, France. Experiencing a change of views he wrote and published the well known work—"A

Presbyterian Clergyman Looking for the Church." He graduated at Trinity College and the General Episcopal Theological Seminary. He possessed considerable logical acumen, and was a clear, incisive writer. He early espoused what is known as the Catholic school of thought in the Episcopal Church, and for a number of years was one of its prominent advocates in New York City.

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## Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. F. ALEXANDER, Superintendent, reports two hundred and nine arrivals at the HOME, during the month of October, 1878. These men deposited with him, for safe keeping, the sum of \$4,083, of which \$265 was sent to the Savings Bank, and \$1,750 to relatives and friends, —the balance being returned to depositors.

Twenty-two men were shipped without advances, during the month, and four were sent to the Hospital.

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## Position of the Principal Planets for December, 1878.

MERCURY is an evening star until the evening of the 25th, at 8h. 53m., when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 5th, when it sets at 5h. 43m., and south of west 34° 48'; is at its greatest elongation on the forenoon of the 8th, at 7h. 20m., being then 20° 50' east of the Sun; is stationary among the stars in Sagittarius on the forenoon of 16th, at 10 o'clock; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 24th, at 37m. past midnight, being 4° 14' north; is in conjunction with Venus 14m. later, being 2° 28' north.

VENUS is a morning star until the afternoon of the 5th, at 2h. 12m., when it is in superior conjunction with the Sun; during the remainder of the month is an evening star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 24th, at 34m. past midnight, being 1° 45' north.



MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st, at 5h. 4m., and south of east  $21^{\circ} 5'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 21st, at 9h. 14m., being  $5^{\circ} 3'$  north.

JUPITER is an evening star setting on the 1st, at 8h. 33m., and south of west  $26^{\circ} 36'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 26th, at 30m. before noon, being  $1^{\circ} 13'$  south; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude  $41^{\circ}$  and  $72^{\circ}$  north.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st, at 7h. 7m., being then  $3^{\circ} 44'$  south of the Equator; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, the first time on the morning of the 3rd, at 3h. 3m., being  $7^{\circ} 5'$  south, and then again on the 30th, at 59m. past noon, being  $7^{\circ} 14'$  south; is in quadrature with the Sun on the forenoon of the 18th, at 6h. 32m., and during the remainder of the month is considered an evening star.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

## Marine Disasters in October, 1878.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 86, of which 54 were wrecked, 17 abandoned, 2 burned, 1 sunk by collision, 1 capsized, 8 foundered, and 3 are missing. The list comprises 3 steamers, 3 ships, 15 barks, 7 brigs, and 58 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$1,162,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *sc* sunk by collision, *c* capsized, *f* foundered, and *m* missing. In addition to the disasters given below the British steamer *John Bramall*, from New Haven for Constantinople, was stranded on Little Gull Island, Long Is'and Sound, but it is thought that she will be saved. There were also a large number of oyster vessels and other bay craft driven ashore and wrecked during the great gale on the morning of October 23rd, in Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, which are not included in the following list.

### STEAMERS.

Georgia, *w.* from Panama for San Francisco.  
General Barnes, *f.* from Savannah for New York.  
City of Houston, *f.* from New York for Galveston.

### SHIPS.

City of Dublin, *w.* from Wellington, N. Z., for Astoria.  
St. Croix, *m.* from New York for Bordeaux.  
A. S. Davis, *w.* from Callao for Hampton Roads.

### BARKS.

Columbia, *m.* from Antigua for New York.  
Julie, *w.* from Belfast for New York.  
Princess Alexandra, *w.* from Jaenel for New York.  
Midas, *w.* from Antwerp for Imbetiba.  
Tyrus, *w.* from New York for St. Nazaire.  
Ignis Fatuus, *w.* from Philadelphia for Oporto.  
Sarah, *c.* (whaler).  
\*Nomad, *w.* from St. Mary's, Ga. for Montevideo.  
Martha, *a.* from Bull River for Newcastle.  
Mary E. Goodwin, *f.* from Cartagena for Philadelphia.  
Graf Moltke, *a.* from Stettin for New York.  
Clarence, *a.* from New York for London.  
Stanley, *a.* from New York for St. Yarmouth.  
Gen. Sedgwick, *w.* (on the West Coast of Africa).  
Monitor, *a.* from Caibarien for New York.

### BRIGS.

Thomas, *a.* from Charleston for Liverpool.  
Beaumont, *w.* from Havana for New York.  
Florence, *a.* from Savannah for London.  
Emily, *a.* from Charleston for Newcastle.  
Sun's Locke, *w.* from Boston for Petit Goave.  
Gerassimo Cupa, *a.* from Liverpool for Galveston.  
Callao, *a.* from Philadelphia for Palermo.

### SCHOONERS.

Lucy Holmes, *w.* (at Miragoane, Hayti).  
Monte Ch 1st, *w.* from Clientuegos for Boston.  
Sam'l Knight, *w.* (at Portsmouth, N. H.).  
Emma, *w.* (at Brazos Santiago).  
C. H. Dow, *w.* (at anti Anna, Mexico).  
Santa Rosa, *w.* (at Santa Anna, Mexico).  
S. Rockhill, *s.c.* from Weehawken for Portsmouth N. H.  
Linda, *w.* (Fisherman).  
Alida, *f.* from Hoboken for Pawtucket.  
J. B. Bleeker, *b.* from New York for Fall River.  
Mary Hart, *w.* (at Gualala, Cal.)  
Lizzie F. Dow, *a.* from Baltimore for Aspinwall.  
Ben Borland, *a.* from Charleston for Baltimore.  
Clara Smith, *w.* from Rockland for New York.  
Palos, *a.* from Franklin, Me. for Boston.  
R. H. Shannon, *w.* from Millville, N. J. for Boston.  
Geo. Walker, *w.* from Philadelphia for Portland.  
Telegraph, *w.* from New York for Portsmouth.  
Francis Coffin, *w.* from Hoboken for Boston.  
Joseph Fish, *w.* from St. George, Me. for New York.  
John Boynton, *a.* from Port Maria, Ja. for Lewes, Del.  
Tunis Depew, *w.* from New York for Boston.  
Union, *w.* from Calais for New York.  
Alice, *f.* (off Orleans, Mass.)  
Albert Steele, *f.* (in Muskeget Channel).  
E. H. Nash, *w.* for Norwich.  
S. F. Seabury, *w.* from Azua for New York.  
Sarah, *b.* from Calais for Providence.  
Annie, *w.* from H. de Grace for Washington.  
Lizzie H. Smith, *w.* from New York for Tampa.  
Sea Nymph, *a.* from New York for Port Royal.  
Alvarado, *w.* (on Pollock Rip).  
Moss Glen, *w.* from St. John, N. B. for N. York.  
Evelina, *w.* (Fisherman).  
J. B. Lunt, *w.* (at Navaro River, Cal.)  
G. Wiley, *w.* from Barren Island.  
Mary Tice, *f.* from New York for Middletown.  
Silver Cloud, *w.* (at Monterey, Cal.)

Wm. McCobb, *w.* (at City Island).  
 Mary, *w.* from Hillsboro, N. B. for Newark.  
 Magnolia, *w.* from Elizabeth City, N. C. for  
 Kitty Hawk.  
 Wm. Collyer, *w.* from Providence for Phila-  
 delphia.  
 Sarah Clark, *w.* from Jacksonville for N. York.  
 Altoona, *w.* from Hayti for New York.  
 H. T. Potter, *w.* from Fernandina for N. York.  
 Buckeye, *w.* from Philadelphia.  
 Estelle Bright, *w.* (near Newcastle, Del.)  
 Lucy Clark, *w.* (Fisherman).  
 Joseph Henry, *w.* (Fisherman).  
 Saladin, *w.* from Granville, N. S. for Portland.  
 J. B. Cunningham, *f.* from New York for New  
 London.  
 J. W. Hinton, *w.* from Norfolk for Charleston.  
 M. N. Lindsay, *a.* from Havana for Key West.  
 Two Sisters, *w.* (in Delaware Bay).  
 Julia and Mary, *a.*  
 American Eagle, *m.* from New York for Gal-  
 veston.  
 W. C. Bayne, *w.* from Baltimore for Norfolk.  
 Geo. Twibill, *w.* from Philadelphia for Peters-  
 burg.

\* Supposed.

The *Bureau Veritas* publishes the following  
 statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported  
 lost during the month of

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

*Sailing Vessels*:—34 English, 13 American,  
 12 French, 7 German, 5 Norwegian, 4 Italian,  
 2 Danish, 2 Dutch, 1 Spanish, 5 of which the  
 nationality is unknown; total: 85. In this  
 number are included 2 vessels reported miss-  
 ing.

*Steamers*:—7 English, 1 Italian; total: 8.

## Receipts for October, 1878.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Concord, Cong. church..... \$ 41 74  
 Haverhill, Cong. church..... 12 30  
 Hinsdale, Cong. church..... 5 87  
 Lyme, Cong. church..... 15 26  
 Nashua, 1st Cong. church..... 10 93  
 Rindge, Cong. church..... 1 34  
 Windham, late Mrs. Eliza Hills, per  
 Clarissa Hills..... 500 00

### VERMONT.

Charlotte, Rev. C. O. Torrey..... 5 00

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, College church..... 18 25  
 Ashby, Cong. church..... 9 00  
 Boston, ship *Game Cock*, Capt. and  
 crew, for library..... 22 00  
 Schr. *Ramon de Aquira*, Capt. Mc-  
 Gee..... 5 00  
 Byfield, Cong. church..... 4 15  
 Conway, S. S. Cong. ch., \$20 for lib.  
 32 00  
 Dedham, Cong. church..... 105 18  
 Dunstable, Cong. church..... 5 56  
 Fitchburg, Dea S. W. Weston, L. M.  
 30 00  
 Foxboro, Cong. church..... 23 69  
 Globe Village, A. Hill to repair lib'y  
 5 00  
 Holden, Mrs. Warren..... 1 00  
 Lincoln, Cong. church..... 10 00  
 Littleton, Cong. church..... 8 00  
 Lunenburg, add'l, Cong. church..... 1 50  
 North Leominster, Cong. church..... 1 25  
 Springfield, South Cong. church..... 4 88  
 Tewksbury, Cong. church..... 37 50  
 West Barnstable, Cong. church..... 5 00  
 Westfield, 2nd Cong. church..... 20 94  
 1st Cong. church..... 9 91  
 West Springfield, Park St. Cong. ch.  
 13 44

### CONNECTICUT.

Berlin, Cong. church..... 9 30

Darien, Cong. church..... 20 00  
 Fairfield, 1st Cong. ch., of wh. Dea.  
 Samuel Morehouse, for lib'y, \$20;  
 Mrs. Beard-lee and Mrs. Curtis,  
 for lib'y in name of Henry Curtis  
 Phelps, of Stamford, \$20; S. S. for  
 lib'y, \$20; Edward Sturges \$25;  
 D. M. Redfield, \$1..... 148 00  
 Hartford, Wm. A. Spencer, of wh.  
 \$20 for library..... 30 00  
 New Haven, 1st Cong. church..... 115 72  
 North Cong. church..... 57 40  
 Church of the "Redeemer"..... 46 50  
 Old Lyme, Cong. church..... 14 51  
 Rocky Hill, S. S. Cong. ch., for lib'y..  
 20 00  
 Rockville, 2nd Cong. church..... 41 56  
 West Killingly, Westfield church to  
 const. Charles E. Bigelow and H.  
 M. Thompson, L. M's, each \$30... 60 00  
 West Suffield, Cong. ch., add'l..... 1 00  
 West Winsted, 2nd Cong. church.... 8 51  
 Wind-or Locks, Cong. church..... 38 02

### NEW YORK.

Bellona, M. E. church..... 2 00  
 Binghamton, Pres. church..... 2 92  
 Mt. Harmon..... 1 80  
 Brooklyn, 1st Ref. church..... 40 65  
 Washington St. M. E. ch., to const.  
 Rev. D. O. Ferris, L. M..... 30 00  
 Elbridge, S. S. Bap. ch., for lib'y.... 20 00  
 Holley, Pres. church..... 6 89  
 Bap. church..... 5 63  
 M. E. church..... 2 88  
 Lewiston, Pres. church..... 10 65  
 Masonville, Mrs. Susan Perry..... 2 00  
 Mount Morris, Pres. church..... 6 15  
 New Paltz, for yellow fever sufferers,  
 add'l..... 3 34  
 New York City, estate M. B. Danser,  
 per Thos. F. Jeremiah, Esq., ex. 20,000 00  
 E. M. Archibald, Esq., British  
 Consul General..... 20 00  
 Forty-third St. M. E. church, for  
 library..... 20 00  
 Jane St. M. E. ch., bal. to const.  
 Rev. A. Shriver, L. M..... 14 00  
 Capt. N. D. King, bark *Hancock*.. 3 00  
 Capt. E. H. Tobey, bark *Yamoyden*  
 1 00  
 Ontario, Pres. church..... 2 25  
 Pen Yan, Bap. church..... 5 25  
 Port Ewen, Ref. church..... 14 20  
 Rye, Mrs. Mary G. Satterlee, for the  
 Saltonstall library..... 20 00  
 Spencerport, Rev. Mr. Whittlesey.. 1 00  
 Weedsport, Pres. church..... 6 63  
 M. E. church..... 5 53  
 Bap. church..... 3 32  
 Williamson, Dr. Sprague..... 1 00

### NEW JERSEY.

Camden, 5th St. M. E. church..... 11 75  
 Broadway M. E. church..... 9 50  
 Third-st., M. E. ch., bal., for lib'y.  
 J. M. S..... 4 00  
 3 00  
 Hightstown, M. E. ch., bal. to const.  
 Rev. J. L. Roe, L. M..... 2 68  
 Jersey City, St. Paul's M. E. church,  
 add'l..... 50  
 Lafayette Ref. church..... 20 00

### PENNSYLVANIA.

Mansfield, M. E. church..... 6 00  
 Philadelphia, Miss Mary L. Bonney,  
 for library..... 20 00  
 Miss H. A. Dillaye..... 5 00  
 Misses H. R. Foot, F. E. Bennet,  
 and Mrs. R. Lloyd on account of  
 library..... 15 00  
 Friend..... 1 00

\$21 926 78

Whitinsville, Mass., C. P. Whitin, box of  
 books.






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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. 11: 1.

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## LOAN LIBRARY REPORTS.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to May 1st, 1878, was 6,252; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 5,175. The number of volumes in these libraries was 322,644, and they were accessible to 245,989 men. Eight hundred and eighty six libraries, with 31,896 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 100,548 men.*

During October, 1878, seventy loan libraries, twenty-three new and forty-seven refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,503 to 6,521, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,129, 5,130, and 5,131, with 5,134 at Boston.

*The forty-seven libraries refitted and reshipped, were:*

No. 1,445;	No. 4,355;	No. 4,632;	No. 4,774;	No. 5,220;	No. 5,568;	No. 5,824;	No. 5,991;	No. 6,136;
" 1,926;	" 4,389;	" 4,636;	" 4,823;	" 5,256;	" 5,656;	" 5,850;	" 6,023;	" 6,138;
" 1,992;	" 4,418;	" 4,640;	" 4,839;	" 5,318;	" 5,719;	" 5,881;	" 6,026;	" 6,182;
" 3,092;	" 4,454;	" 4,654;	" 4,898;	" 5,396;	" 5,741;	" 5,936;	" 6,060;	" 6,247;
" 3,916;	" 4,549;	" 4,677;	" 4,902;	" 5,549;	" 5,772;	" 5,963;	" 6,093;	" 6,453.
" 4,306;	" 4,622;							

### *Matters of Interest in Library Work.*

FERVENT TESTIMONY—THE RELIGIOUS BOOKS  
ESPECIALLY SOUGHT FOR—REFORMATION  
AS TO SWEARING—GOOD MODELS FOR EN-  
GLISH BENEFICENCE.

"It gives me great pleasure to write that your books\* have been the means of much good. \* \* They have all been

read, especially the religious volumes. Two of the men have left off swearing. The books have been a great comfort to me. We have had two narrow escapes from shipwreck. If I live to return to England I will see if we cannot follow your system of Loan Libraries, as they must be productive of much good.

D. E. PAIN,

*Master Brig Julia E. Haskel."*

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\* This library was contributed by Dea. Hobbart's S. S. class, North Amherst, Mass.

## The Angels.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Whenever a good child dies, an angel from heaven comes down to earth, and takes the dead child in his arms, spreads out his great white wings, and flies away over all the places the child had loved, and picks quite a handful of flowers, which he carries up to the Almighty, that they may bloom more brightly than on earth. And the Father presses all the flowers to his heart; but he kisses the flower that pleases him best, and the flowers are then endowed with a voice, and can join in the great chorus of praise.

"See,"—that is what an angel said as he carried a dead child up to heaven; and the child heard, as if in a dream; and they went on over the regions of home where the little child had played, and came through gardens with beautiful flowers. "Which of these shall we take with us to plant in heaven?" asked the angel.

Now there stood near them a slender, beautiful rose-bush; but a wicked hand had broken off the stem, so that all the branches, covered with half-broken buds, were hanging around quite withered.

"The poor rose-bush!" said the child; "Take it, that it may bloom up yonder."

And the angel took it, and kissed the child, and the dear little one half opened his eyes. They plucked some of the rich flowers, but also took with them the wild pansy and despised buttercup.

"Now we have flowers," said the child. And the angel nodded, but he did not fly upward to heaven. It was night, and quite silent. They remained in the great city. They floated about there in a small street, where lay whole heaps of straw, ashes and sweepings, for it had been removal day. There lay fragments of plates, bits of plaster, rags and old hats, and all this did not look well; and the angel pointed amid all this confusion to a few fragments of a flower-pot,

and to a lump of earth which had fallen out, which was held together by the roots of a great dried flower, which was of no use, and had, therefore, been thrown out into the street.

"We will take that with us," said the angel. "I will tell you why as we fly onward."

"Down yonder in the narrow lane lived a poor sick boy; from his childhood he had been bedridden. When he was at his best he could go up and down the room a few times, leaning on crutches; that was the utmost he could do. For a few days in summer the sunbeams would penetrate for a few hours to the floor of his room, and when the poor boy sat there, and the sun shone upon him, he looked at the red blood in his thin fingers, and he would say, 'Yes, to-day he has been out!'" He knew the forest with its beautiful vernal green only from the fact that the neighbor's little son brought him the first green branch of a beech-tree; and he held that up over his head and dreamed he was in the beech-wood, where the sun shone and the birds sang. On a Spring day the neighbor's boy brought him also field flowers, and among them was, by chance, one to which the root was still hanging; and so it was planted in a flower pot, and placed by the bed, close to the window. And the flower had been planted by a fortunate hand, and it grew, threw out new shoots, and bore flowers every year. It became a splendid flower-garden to the sickly boy—his little treasure here on earth. He watered it and tended it, and took care that it got the benefit of every ray of sunlight, down to the latest that struggled in through the narrow window; it grew for him and gladdened his eyes, and spread its fragrance about him; and toward it he turned in death, when the Father called him. He has been with the Almighty for a year. For a year the flower has stood forgotten in the window, and is withered; and thus, at the remov-



al, it has been thrown into the dust of the street. And this is the poor flower which we have taken into our nosegay; for this flower has given more joy than the richest in a queen's garden."

"But how do you know all this?" asked the child.

"I know it," said the angel, "for I myself was that boy who walked on crutches! I know my flower well."

And the child opened his eyes, and looked into the glorious, happy face of the angel, and at the same moment they entered the region where there is peace and joy. And the Father pressed the dead child to his bosom, and then it received wings like the angel, and flew hand in hand with him. And the Almighty kissed the dry, withered field flower, and it received a voice, and sang with all the angels hovering round—some near, and some in wider circles, and some in infinite distance, but all equally happy. And they all sang,—little and great, the good and happy child and the poor field flower that had lain there withered, thrown among the dust, in the rubbish of the removal day, in the dark, narrow lane.

---

### The Faithful Boy.

Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy; and a noble fellow he was too, although he was very, very poor. One day as he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, a hunter came out of the wood, and asked:

"How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," replied the boy, "but the road is only a sheep-track and very easily missed." The hunter glanced at the crooked track, and then said:

"My lad, I am hungry, tired, and thirsty. I have lost my companion, and missed my way. Leave your sheep, and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," replied the boy. "They would stray into the

forest, and be eaten by the wolves, or stolen by the robbers." "Well what of that?" replied the hunter. "They are not *your* sheep. The loss of one or more wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more money than you ever earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," said the boy firmly; "my master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be just the same as if I stole them."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get some food and drink and a guide? I will take good care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep do not know your voice, and—" here the boy stopped speaking. "Sir," said the boy, slowly, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my trust to my master. How do I know you would keep your word to *me*?" The hunter laughed; but he felt that the boy had fairly silenced him. He said: "I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to follow it myself."

Gerhardt now offered the humble contents of his wallet to the hungry man, who, coarse as they were, ate them gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke, who owned all the country round. The Duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty, that he sent for him shortly after, and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a very rich and powerful man, and he remained honest and true to his dying day.

---

### "Having some Fun."

"Now, boys, I will tell you how we can have some fun," said Charlie to his companions, who had assembled one

bright moonlight evening for sliding, snow-balling, and fun generally.

"What is it?" asked several at once.

"You shall see," replied Charlie.

"Who's got a wood-saw?"

"I have." "So have I," replied three of the boys.

"Get them, and you and Freddy and Nathan each get an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let's be back in fifteen minutes."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use wood-saws and axes and shovels could be in the play. But Charlie was a favorite with all, and they fully believed in his promises, and were soon assembled again.

"Now," said he, "Widow Maude in yonder cottage has gone to a neighbor's to sit up with a sick child. A man hauled her some wood to-day, and I heard her tell him that unless she got some one to saw it to-night, she would not have anything to make a fire of in the morning. Now, we could saw and split that pile of wood just as easy as we could make a snow man on her doorstep, and when Mrs. Maude comes home she will be most agreeably surprised."

One or two of the boys objected, but the majority began to appreciate his fun, and to experience that inward satisfaction and joy that always results from well-doing.

It was not a long and wearisome job for seven robust and healthy boys to saw, split, and pile up the widow's half-cord of wood, and to shovel a good path. And when they had done this, so great was their pleasure and satisfaction, that one of them, who objected at first, proposed they should go to a neighboring carpenter's shop, where plenty of shavings could be had for the carrying away, and each bring an armful. The proposition was readily acceded to, and this done, they repaired to their several homes, more than satisfied with the "fun of the evening." And the next

morning, when the weary widow returned from watching by the sick bed and saw what was done, she was pleasantly surprised; and afterwards, when a neighbor (who had, unobserved, witnessed the labors of the boys) told her how it was done, her fervent invocation, "God bless the boys!" was of itself, if they could have heard it, abundant reward for their labors.

---

### The Children's Litany.

Savior, now before thy throne,  
We would worship thee alone;  
As before thee now we bend,  
May thy grace our hearts befriend!  
By thy childhood and thy tears,  
Poverty and toil of years,  
Hear, oh, hear us when we cry!  
Hear the children's litany!

By thy days of sore distress  
In this wasteful wilderness;  
By thy nights of prayerful woe,  
Grappling with our sleepless foe;  
By thy weariness and pain,  
Turning all our griefs to gain.  
Hear us as we call to thee,  
Hear the children's litany.

By thy sacred temples torn,  
Scarlet robe and piercing thorn;  
By thy agonizing prayer,  
Crushed and bruised by our despair:  
Let forgiveness through thy blood  
Bring our wandering hearts to God;  
Hear, oh, hear our earnest cry,  
Hear the children's litany!

By thy passion, bloody sweat,  
Let us ne'er thy love forget;  
By thy love so full and free,  
Death and anguish on the tree;  
With thy grace each bosom fill,  
Teach us all to do thy will;  
Thus we pray with weeping eye,  
Hear the children's litany.

*W. R. Balforn, in S. S. Chronicle.*

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### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

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#### *District Secretaries:*

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston.

Rev. H. BEEBE, New Haven, Conn.



SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

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THE

SAILORS' MAGAZINE

AND

SEAMEN'S FRIEND;

AND

THE LIFE BOAT,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER, 1878.

---

*For watch and ward through fifty years  
O'er storm-tossed brothers of the sea,  
And gathered fruits of toils and tears,  
Glad thanks we bring, O God! to Thee!*

*We heard Thy voice, "The sea is mine,"  
And followed where Thy footsteps led;  
While from Thy presence light divine  
A glory on our pathway shed.*

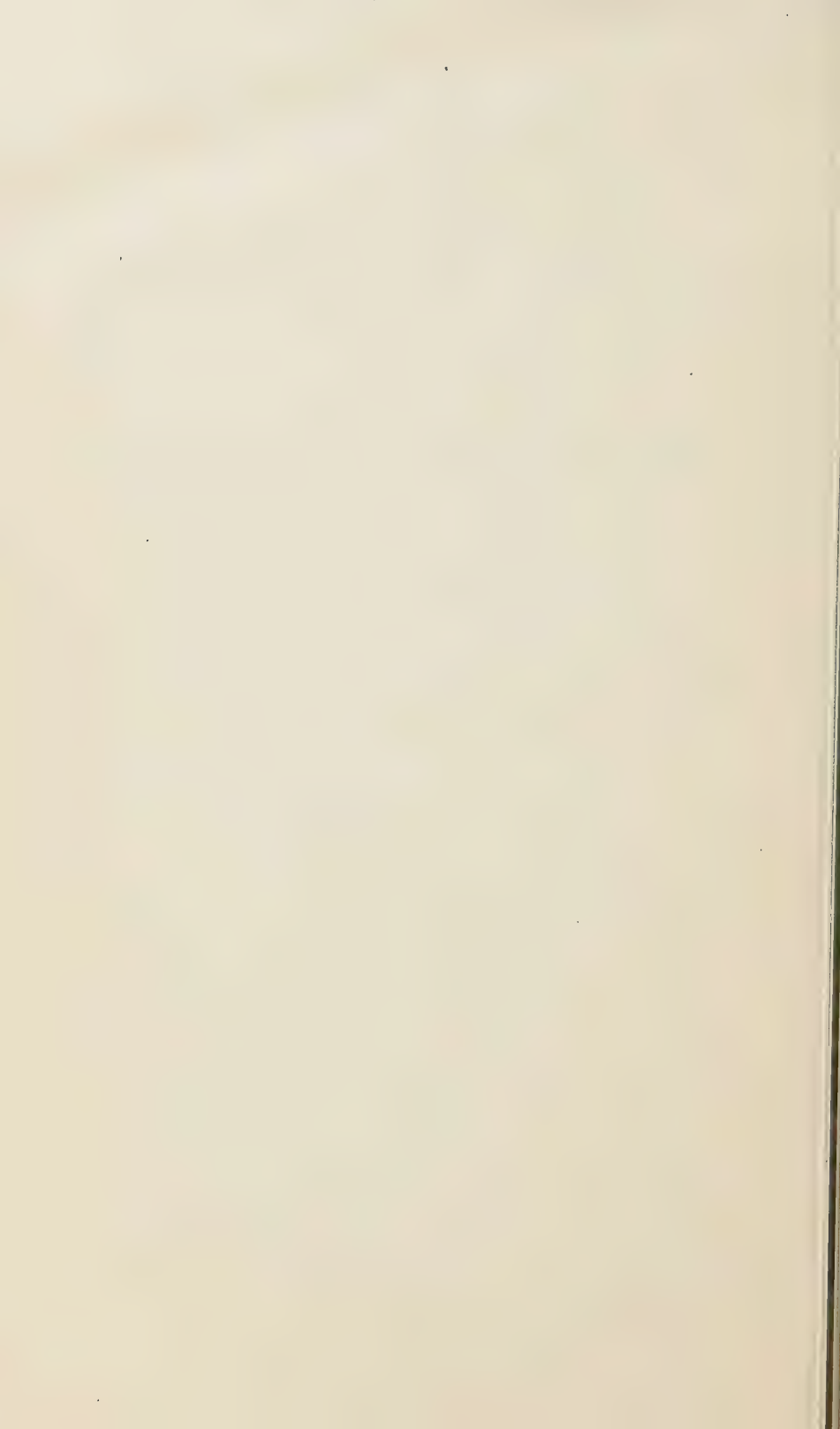
*Hopper*

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VOL. L.

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NEW YORK:  
AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,  
80 WALL STREET.





## PREFACE.

---

In its inspiring influence, the record of a good work is often as effective as the work itself.

The manifestly possible appears to be practicable, under favoring circumstances. To show how others have been useful, is to show to one longing to be so, just how he may proceed ; for what has been, can be repeated whenever undertaken for the glory of Him, who accepts to that end, by blessing it, consecrated human instrumentality.

For its happy and impressive illustration of Christian work in that special department whose claims it advocates, the present volume, made up as it is of the monthly issues of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, during the past Semi-Centenary year, must be esteemed as of unusual value.

An eminently able and successful missionary who has been so long on the foreign field as to be acknowledged a veteran in the service, says in a recent communication,—“I read your MAGAZINE with *increasing* interest.”

This certainly is strong commendation. Had his interest, contrariwise, steadily *diminished* it would have seriously reflected upon the manner in which we were presenting the Seamen's Cause to the Christian public.

These commendatory words however have another and a deeper significance. The work itself which the SAILORS' MAGAZINE has regularly reported for half a century, has in all that time been steadily increasing both in range and efficiency, until now its accomplished results, as they are thoughtfully reviewed,

and the evident attainment of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY to an honorable place among existing evangelical agencies, naturally excites in every philanthropist and christian, the feeling expressed by the writer already cited,—as he proceeds to say, "I rejoice in all that has been, and is being done for those who toil upon the sea."

The pages of the present volume have been enriched by the wisdom and experience of many of the tried and judicious friends of the Seamen's Cause. The articles from their pens, prepared in some instances, for special occasions, which are preserved for our readers, are exceedingly interesting and valuable.

It cannot be otherwise but that the cause so greatly cherished by those who have loved it and served it for years, will receive a new impulse from the record presented. We feel sure that new friends will be gained for it among those who in this way will perhaps be made acquainted with a work, than which no other exceeds it in the significant approval of the Great Head of the church.

We commend this Semi-Centenary volume to all who are waiting and hoping for the coming of the Lord.

DECEMBER, 1878.

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OF THE  
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AND TO THE  
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# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*  
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President*  
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

**OBJECTS.** 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS.** 2.—To sanctify commerce, all interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

**MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT.** 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** and **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the **LIFE-BOAT** for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—**LOAN LIBRARIES**, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it, (2) It usually places the library in charge of the Captain of the vessel. (3) It contemplates a connection between the sailor and the individual who furnishes the library which he reads. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, to May 1st, 1878, is 6,252, containing 322,644 volumes. Calculating 5,175 re-shipments, they have been accessible to more than 250,000 men. Over one thousand hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of **SAILORS' HOMES**, **READING ROOMS**, **SAVINGS' BANKS**, the distribution of **BIBLES**, **TRACTS**, &c.

The **SAILORS' HOME**, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated over 90,000 boarders. This one institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings. Similar institutions exist, in other cities, under the care of auxiliary Societies.

**NOTE.**—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. The **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.